

EXT. HAWAII BEACH - 3:24PM

Palm trees blow in a light breeze as the glaring sun beams with warmth.

PETER (34) lies on his flamingo towel looking out at the horizon. His wife LYDIA (27) is in the ocean holding their 4 year old son CONNOR.

Surrounded by kids toys and overpacked tourist bags, Peter looks for something to drink. He finds a bottle and takes a couple of sips.

Peter shouts at Lydia from afar.

PETER

Honey, whatever's in this stuff is
what we should be drinking!

Lydia squints and smiles in shock covering her mouth.

LYDIA

Oh, you like that?

PETER

A lot.

LYDIA

You and the baby.

Peter looks down at the bottle. He laughs in slight disgust and chucks the bottle to his side.

PETER (V.O.)

It's funny how darkness is promised
but we only ever seem to take light
for granted.

EXT. HAWAII BEACH - 3:31PM

Lydia and the child are further into the ocean, she's teaching him to swim with the help of a floaty ring.

Peter is on the beach smiling taking in the beautiful atmosphere. He picks up "WHEN THE WORLD FELL SILENT by Donna Award" and continues reading where he left off.

The sun is blinding so Peters throws on his shades. His finger falls on a line in the book that reads:

"It started with a spark. And the spark became a fire."

Peter takes a breath to ponder, he lies back and looks up at the sky.

EXT. HAWAII BEACH - 3:32PM

Darkness.

A shiver runs down Peter's spine.

The air instantly turns cold.

In a moment of confusion, Peter takes off his shades, trying to grasp the change in his surroundings.

He can't see anything.

PETER
(shouts)
LYDIA! CONNOR!

No response.

The crashing of waves is nowhere to be heard.

Peter pats down his towel to find his phone.

He turns on the flashlight and scurries towards the ocean.

PETER (CONT'D)
I can't see! Where are you!?

His jog turns a sprint when suddenly-- his shins are jabbed.

He falls forward and lands in icy pain.

PETER (CONT'D)
Ahh!

Peter gets up unable to maintain his balance.

His bare feet slide around burning on the cold beneath.

A bright light hits Peter from behind. Startled, he turns around.

PETER (CONT'D)
Help!!

COAST GUARD
(megaphone)
This is a state of emergency.
Evacuate the beach immediately.

PETER

I-

He collapses.

We hear footsteps running towards him.

PETER (CONT'D)

I can't, I can't. My-

The coast guard, suited up in a warm emergency vest, grabs Peter and begins dragging him to the shore.

COAST GUARD

Sir, just breathe. I got you.

PETER

What the fuck are you doing!
They're still out there!

COAST GUARD

We need to GO. Like right now.

Peter gets loose of the Coast Guard's grip on him.

PETER

My wife, my-

Peter falls down.

PETER (CONT'D)

(starting to pass out) They're out
there! Put your light on the
fucking wate-

CUT TO BLACK.

PETER (V.O.)

You're probably better off now
so... would I wanted to have known?

INT. CRISIS SHELTER - 6:27PM

Panic runs through a huge gymnasium repurposed as an emergency crisis shelter. The room is overcrowded with shivering families covered in aluminum blankets.

Peter lies alone, unconscious of the circumstances.

He wakes up to a baby crying.

PETER
(half asleep)
CONNOR?!

He opens his eyes, vision still blurry.

The stuffy room makes Peter short of breath.

As he comes to his senses, he panics, desperate for answers.

Peter grabs a passerby by the wrist.

PETER (CONT'D)
Where am I?

The passerby stops, remorsefully pulling away.

PASSERBY
I don't know man. One moment I'm
driving on the freeway, then BOOM
everything goes dark. Next thing I
know there's a guy with a
flashlight in my face-

Peter grabs the man's arm and interrupts him pleading.

PETER
I need to find my wife. We have a
son, he's only four. They're still
out there.

The man looks at peter in the eyes and pauses.

PASSERBY
Im sorry for your loss

Peter's eyebrows quiver in confusion.

PETER
My Loss?

The man purses his lips and embraces Peter.

Peter reluctantly backs away

PETER (CONT'D)
My loss?! They're out there I--
need to go find them

PASSERBY
Look man. Nobody's allowed out. And
even if you could go looking, it's
fucking freezing.

Peter paces in denial with a hand on his head.

PASSERBY (CONT'D)
Like.. deadly cold. It's basically
the apocalypse.

INT. CAFETERIA - 7:46PM

An old cafeteria. Peter gets food in line at the buffet. He overhears people at a table talking.

PERSON AT TABLE
That's what I thought too but no!

PERSON 2
They didn't tell you why?

PERSON AT TABLE
They told me what this scientist
from Virginia thought, but that
ain't a verified fucking opinion.

PERSON 3
No it's not.

The three people laugh. Peter interrupts.

PETER
What did she say?

PERSON AT TABLE
Who?

PETER
The scientist.

PERSON 3
You really believe that shit?

Peter doesn't respond, he just stares at him.

PERSON AT TABLE
She said it was the sun.

PETER
What about it?

PERSON AT TABLE
Well, theory says that if the sun
ever were to die, it would take
about 8 minutes for the last light
to hit earth.
(MORE)

PERSON AT TABLE (CONT'D)

And without sun, our death, our
extinction, goes from a matter of
"if" to a matter of "when".